Clifton Springs,
Aug. 14, 1887.

My dear May,

I thank you for the opportunity of reading Miss Plummer's letter, which I here-with return. How many good people, devoted to human welfare in one way or another, there are in this world of ours, so marred by ignorance and sin! The newspapers tell us comparatively little of such people and their work, but keep up a perpetual din over ~~over~~ the crime and wickedness which keep the world in a cloud. Some day the Press will in this respect mend its ways, when the ~~social~~ moral

atmosphere will be purer and
sweeter than it is to-day.

I enclose a letter from
T. D. Weld to J. J. G. that is
nothing less than a literary cu-
riosity. I would make a copy
for you, but I think you will
rather enjoy deciphering it
for yourself. Please return
it to me when you have
done with it. Egyptian hiero-
glyphics are hardly more
difficult to read. It re-
minds me of Lewis Tappan's
reply to one of W.'s letters which
began: "My dear Weld, Yours
of the — inst., apparently written
with the butt end of a stick,
has just reached me."

I bore the journey hither
very well indeed, but for some

days after our arrival the weather was very hot, the atmosphere lifeless, and I wilted somewhat; but there is a delightful change, and I am now feeling much ~~better~~. It is cold enough here this morning to make a fire agreeable. The village here is small, and everything revolves around the "Sanitarium," which is quite an imposing affair. It combines the advantages of a water-cure with those of a Turkish and all other varieties of baths, health-lift, gymnasium, light gymnastics, base ball, and I know not else - all saturated with evangelical prayer meetings, &c. The "Sanitarium" building is very

large, but I am not in it;
and yet all its advantages
are freely proffered to me
on account of my anti-slavery
labors, the same as if I were
a minister! I have taken
some of the baths with ad-
vantage, and shall take more.

We expect to remain
here till past the middle
of September. Then for Al-
gera and home!

Mrs. Johnson and Helen
beg to be warmly remembered
to you.

Yours, ever,

Oliver Johnson.

MS. B. L. G. v. 12, f. 13